

SECURITIES WORTH A BILLION REMAIN BURIED IN EQUITABLE BUILDING RUINS

NEW YORK, January 11.—Securities worth a billion dollars or more remain buried in the smoldering ruins of the Equitable building, and they cannot be recovered for several days. Experts disagree as to the possibility of the papers being found unharmed when the huge safes that held them are finally excavated and opened. The bodies of Battalion Chief William J. Walsh and of William Campion, the Mercantile watchman, may not be reached for days. Chief Reardon is certain Walsh's body is under a pile of wreckage close packed and frozen and fifty feet high, and wreckers said it might take a week to clear away the pile. Campion's body is frozen under masses of ice at the Broadway entrance, only the hands gripping the steel bars being visible.



RUINS OF EQUITABLE BUILDING
FROM NEIGHBORING SKYSCRAPER
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ICE COVERED ENTRANCE

The Onlooker

(Continued from Page Nine.)

Advertiser's published version of the afternoon dispatch, which it did not receive at all, but the date of which it advanced one day:

NANKING, January 27.—The revolutionary army of 100,000 men marching on Peking has a number of aeroplanes built in the United States and in charge of Americans which will do scout work for the army as it nears the stronghold of the Manchus. No fighting of moment has yet occurred on this march.

The phrase "in charge of Americans" is mere padding. It never came by wire and probably isn't true.

To cover its retreat from an untenable position, the morning paper published today this diverting cablegram from Walker:

(Special Cable to The Advertiser.)
WASHINGTON, January 26.—Inquiry at the White House today as to the appointment of the special commissioner to be sent to Hawaii, in relation with the investigation to be made of the allegations against Governor Frenar by Delegate Kalaniani'ole, brought out the fact that the naming of the commissioner in the immediate future is improbable.

WALKER.
Yesterday the Advertiser expected to "give the name of the commissioner in a few days." Now it learns from Washington that "the naming of the commissioner in the immediate future is improbable." I should say it was. But here a little trick was apparently played by editing "the" into the skeleton dispatch which must have read: "Naming commissioner immediate future improbable." This should have been rendered "naming a commissioner" instead of "naming the commissioner," which is a distinction with a difference. If I am not right in this the Advertiser, with its quick-action cut-making plant, can easily publish a facsimile of the original cablegram and thus make good with the public, and put me to rout, but it won't. It is more likely to proudly overlook the whole matter—"ignore" it, so to say.

But "it is to laugh" when one thinks of Kuhio and Ashford pouring their studied fictions about a "commissioner" into those furry ears at Washington and then seeing the Advertiser and Bulletin taking all that donkey flub as gospel truth and repeating it to an intelligent public at home. There is about as much likelihood, if Governor Frenar's answer suits the President, of anybody's coming here to investigate him, as there is that the cruiser squadron will proceed to bombard the Executive building.

Why did Kuhio and Ashford start this foolery about a commissioner anyhow? I can't speak for them officially but I will give you a good theory. The two plotters not only want to cover their defeat, but to encourage the anti-Frenar party and spread panic in the ranks of the Governor's friends, all of which will be good preparation for the primaries. And the poor, deluded old Advertiser, which has seen better days, is lending a hand.

RUSSIA'S GRANDEUR AND SLUMS CONTRASTED

Peter the Great must have been a bold man, when, in order that he might have a "window out of which he could look on Europe," he built the city on the Neva, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette.

Indeed, judging from the simplicity of his face in a celebrated picture, in which he is seen lecturing his feeble

looking son, aesthetics could not at any time have influenced his choice of cities or otherwise. It was Lady Craven who regarded a city built amid such surroundings as certain to fail, though, as she admitted, the Empress did all she could to "invite politeness, science, and comforts to cheer this region of ice." All this is very well;

yet today, as one walks down the crowded Nevski Prospekt or along the Morskaya, as one drives over the bridges to the islands, or stands within the Cathedral or the Opera House, it is difficult indeed to realize that, little more than two centuries ago, all this was desolate morass of the kind seen from the Nord Express between the city and the frontier.

It is a city of great spaces and deserted squares. Its population must exceed two millions, yet the tourist will find immense emptiness between crowded quarters. Although, moreover, the city straggles along the Neva, it can not be said to have residential suburbs along the railway, for the train seems to come suddenly on its slums from the open plain. Its vast unused spaces doubtless have owners, but these seem unable or unwilling to turn their property to account, and one is irresistibly reminded of Tolstoy's story of the victim of his own greed who, having been promised the freehold of as much land as he could walk around in a day, fell dead just as he had completed the circuit.

What are the features of the streets most likely to strike the intelligent foreigner? If it be not immodest on my part to suggest, I should say the fine figures of the men, who are still, as Marco Polo described them long ago, "extremely well favored, tall, and of fair complexion," the endurance of the izvestchik (i. e., cabby) and his horse, the rapidity with which a heavy snowfall it dealt with, the humble frontage of some of the best and most expensive shops, and the abundance of canals. The officers are among the finest specimens of their kind anywhere in the world, and here let me say that they compare very favorably indeed with those of another Continental Power for politeness and affability. As a case in point, I was buying some typical photographs of horses, including cavalry, in a large shop, and the man behind the counter was quite unable to tell me the different regiments represented. A tall officer happened to be making purchases at the same counter, and he most kindly came to the rescue, speaking excellent French, and gave me all the information I required. In the other country he would have clanked his sword and given me a look that froze, or tried to.

The drivers and their horses are unique in my experience of city vehicles. Swiftest, as well as cheapest, unless the snow is heavy, are the little one-horse cabs, which bowl merrily over the cobbles, and are, indeed, bound by their licenses to go ten versts (i. e., about seven miles) an hour. They are only two-seaters. A four-seater and pair may be hired even at the Hotel l'Europe, for 30 shillings a day, and elsewhere for about half as much. Both men and beast are untiring. They wait, in falling snow, right through a long opera. They are always in attendance, and it is, in fact, no easy matter to shake them off. It is said that these men sometimes die on the box, and I am not surprised.

Up to Christmas the snow does not take itself seriously. In November I saw it thick in the streets one day

and gone the next. The canals are useful rather than ornamental. They are said to swell when the ice is breaking up, and I can bear witness that they do so when it is not; so they are active all the year round. The best shops are about as expensive as those in Bond street, and the window dressing is artistic, but any one expecting to get furs for a song out here will be disappointed. At any rate, the song would have to be sung by Melba or Caruso. Indeed, they are dearer than elsewhere, for the simple reason that furriers have not the art of dressing skins in Russia, which means that these must be reimported after paying duty. This is but a tourist's glimpse of the streets of this curiously attractive city, the Farthermost North of my rambles for pleasure. Indeed, any holiday more hyperborean would exceed my wildest ambitions.

THE STORE FOR BOOKLOVERS.

One of the few pleasures in life, which is not the privilege of every community to enjoy, is the opportunity and privilege of going to a bookstore and being able to get the book which is desired. Honolulu has such a bookstore. It is not meant by this that Honolulu has a bookstore which has on hand all of the books which are in print today—that is something impossible. But Honolulu does have a bookstore that is alive to the wants of the book-buying public, and goes to no end of trouble and expense to have the best and the most desirable books on all subjects in their store. The Crossroads Bookshop has made some great strides in the past year in the big problem of giving the book buyers of the world just what they want. The term book buyers of the world is used because the trade of this establishment is greatly augmented by the tourists that pour into this city continually. Its plans for the coming year cover a large field and the next twelve months will witness even greater steps toward the development of this metropolitan bookstore than have even taken place this past year.

THE MOLASSES TRADE.

San Francisco Seaman's Journal, January 10.—The molasses-in-bulk trade of the Hawaiian Islands has grown to such size that it has been found necessary to convert a large vessel into what may be termed a "molasses tanker." The Hyades, of the Matson Navigation Company, is to be placed in the yards of the Moran company at Seattle and alterations will be made in the interior of the ship so that large quantities of molasses may be conveniently handled in bulk. The changes in the ship will cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

Sergeant John A. McMahon, who killed A. N. Cederlof at Lihuehula, has been dishonorably discharged from the army.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We have installed up-to-date machinery for the manufacture and refilling of mattresses, and have today

THE ONLY STRICTLY MODERN MATTRESS FACTORY IN THE ISLANDS.
AND ARE NOW PREPARED TO RE-COVER

Ostermoor or any other Felt Mattress

at a no higher charge than that made for common ones.

WE GUARANTEE NOT TO BREAK YOUR FELT while COVERING.

A large stock of Art Ticking Constantly on hand.

A Mattress made on a Mattress Machine will not become lumpy, but always remains just as it comes from the factory.

Mattresses stuffed by hand cannot be otherwise than lumpy. The filling is put in in lumps and remains in lumps.

All mattress repair work taken by us will be done by machinery. The work will be perfect and will be guaranteed as such.

Coyne Furniture Co., Ltd.

Nicelle Olive Oil

A pure Olive Oil bottled at Nice, France and guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act of June, 1906.

Your grocer has this delicious oil in ½, ¾ and 1 gallon containers with patent spout.

Nicelle Olive Oil

THE CONSERVATIVES

(Continued from Page Nine)

port them in preference to either the Center or the Conservatives, and both the latter support them against the Socialists. The Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung today heads its column with warnings to the government and to all the non-Socialist parties to make strong efforts in the second ballots against the return of Socialist candidates. The Socialists, it says, exer-

cise turbulent terrorism at home and build up a vision of the general fraternalization of the people of the world. The foreign enemies and rivals of the German Empire, the newspaper continues, build their hopes upon the Socialists and will rejoice if they add to their victories in the second ballots. In conclusion, the article says: "Our work for peace can only prosper when we keep ourselves strong and united as a nation. Among the first tasks of the new Reichstag will be the guaranteeing of our defensive powers. The party calling itself international is incapable of meeting this most important demand."

THE DEEP SEA WAVE.

I envy not the breakers' roar,
Nor whirling eddies in the cave,
But far beyond the stolid shore
I fret: I am the Deep Sea Wave!
Ambitious, without destiny,
I tread unmeasured with the deep;
Awake I am eternally,
At night I rock the stars to sleep.
I leave despair and grim remorse
To depths below, and onward flee;
No mortal ever changed my course,
But many a one have I set free!
TOM. MCGIFFIN.
Honolulu, January, 1912.